

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 24, 1852.

NUMBER 16.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

The SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.
The WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed six months; and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.
The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

THE Subscriber has just received a new supply of **Fresh Winter and Spring Garden Seeds.** As we test all our Seeds before selling them, the public may purchase from us with confidence. We sell nothing that we do not feel assured will grow if the necessary cautions are used. Our supply consists in part of:
BEANS—English Windsor, Early Mohawk, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Large White Kidney, Refugee or 1000 to 1, Red French Speckled, Dutch Case Knife, White Dutch Runner, Large Lima.
BEETS—Early Blood Turnip, Long Blood, white Sugar.
CABBAGES—Early York, Large York, Sugar Loaf, May, Early Drumhead, Large late Drumhead, Savoy, Early Dutch, Green Globe Savor, True Green Glazed.
CARROTS—Early Horn, Long Orange.
CUCUMBERS—Long Green, Early Frame, Gherkin.
LETTUCES—White Cabbage, Silesia, Curled Ice head.
ONIONS—White Portugal, Large Red, Yellow Dutch.
PEAS—Early Warwick, Early June, Early Clarion, Early Double Blossom, Coda Nulli, Dwarf Marrow-fat, Large White Marrow-fat.
RADISH—Long Scarlet, Scarlet Turnip, Black Fall.
SQUASH—Yellow Bush, White Bush, Summer Crook-neck.
TURNIPS—Large White Flat, Early Spring, Early Dutch, Yellow English, Red Top, Flat, Ruts Bags.
CORN—Sweet Sugar, Six Weeks, Tuscarora, with Okra, Purple Broccoli, Cauliflower, Celery, Egg Plant, Kale, Nutmeg, Melon, Parsley, Parsnip, Peppers, Tomatoes, Rhubarb, Spinage, Vegetable Oyster.
Also, a large variety of **Choice Flower Seeds.**
300 Asparagus Roots. For sale by
FRANCIS L. ZEMP.
Jan. 9. 3 tf

SADDLE & HARNESS MAKING.

THE undersigned continues his business at the old stand, returns his thanks for past favors and hopes for a continuance of patronage. All work in his line will be done with punctuality, and where the cash is paid, at the time of delivery, a discount of ten per cent will be made.
Jan 6, [2-1y] P. J. OAKS.

Teacher Wanted.

A LADY is wanted to teach in a private family, about ten miles from Camden. One who understands Music, would be preferred.
Address the subscriber at Camden, S. C.
Jan. 30—tf BENJAMIN COOK.
Charleston Mercury, copy tri-weekly for two weeks, and forward bill.

NEGRO SHOES AT COST.

THE subscribers will sell the remainder of their stock of NEGRO SHOES, at Cost, for Cash.
January 27. WORKMAN & BOONE.

Robinson's Patent Barley.

An excellent, nourishing article of food, for Children and Invalids—too well known to "heals of families," to require a minute description. Has always been kept and sold at
Z. J. DeHAY'S.
Feb. 3—tf

WANTED.—A Child's Nurse is wanted by a gentleman living about 10 miles from Camden, a girl from 10 to 14 years of age. Enquire at this office.
Feb. 10. 12 swlm.

TEACHER WANTED.—A Teacher is wanted by a few Families in the country. For further particulars, address the subscriber at Flat Rock, Kershaw District, S. C.
Feb. 10. 12 SEABORN JONES. 1mw.

In Equity—Lancaster District.

James R. Hunter, vs. Allen C. Blair, et al.—Petition to Account and apply Funds.
It is ordered that William McCorkle and Elizabeth his wife, defendants in above case, (made so by the order of the Court,) do answer, plead or demur to the petition in above case, on or before the 12th day of May, 1852, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be ordered against them.
JAMES H. WITHERSPOON,
Com'r. Equity L. D.
Lancaster C. H. (S. C.) Feb. 5, 1852. 12—tf

Clear the Way.

IN order to make room for Spring Purchases, I now offer the following WINTER GOODS at prices unquestionably low:
Ladies' Winter Dress Goods of every kind, from 12c. upwards
Beautiful Brocade Lustras, 25, 31 and 37, worth 50c.
6-4 English Merinos, all shades, only 50c.
French Merinos, plain and figured, at N York cost
Mousslin DeLaines worth 37, for 13, 20 and 25c.
Beautiful fast colored Calicoes, reduced to 10c.
First quality French Calico, now selling at 12c.
White and Red Elanet at a shade over cost
White and Grey Duffel Blankets at 75, 87c. and \$1
With a great variety of WINTER GOODS, at prices temptingly low. My object being to raise money for my Spring purchases, I will sell them off at my sacrifice of profits, rather than keep them over to next winter. Parties wishing bargains, will find this an excellent opportunity for converting their loose change into good, cheap and substantial Dry Goods.
Jan. 23. JAMES WILSON.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

SINCLAIR and Moore's 1 and 2 horse Plows
Two and three furrow Plows
Plain and Expanding Cultivators
Single and double Iron spout Corn Shellers.
The above will be sold at Baltimore prices, with expenses added, to close a consignment.
Feb. 4. McDOWALL & COOPER.

Chinese Lustral Washing Fluid.

THE Subscriber has just received a case of this invaluable labor saving Washing Fluid, to which he invites the attention of Families, and Hotel keepers.
Feb. 3. Z. J. DeHAY.

12 Bales Heavy Gunny Bagging, for sale at a Bargain by
E. W. BONNEY.

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.

BY PHREBE CAREY.

[The following clever parody on Thomas Campbell's ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," we clip from a Virginia paper.]

A fellow near Kentucky's clime,
Cries, "Boatmen, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who would cross the Ohio,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I am this young lady's beau,
And she John Thompson's daughter."

We've fled before her father's spite
With great precipitation,
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation.

They've missed the girl and purse besides,
His horsemen hard have pressed me,
And who will cheer my bonny bride,
If yet they shall arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then in time,
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go, not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit."

And by my word, the bonny bird,
In danger shall not tarry,
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rain their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew drearier,
Just back a piece came the police,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"It's anything but funny;
I'll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my father's money!"

And still they hurried in the face
Of wind and rain unsparing;
John Thompson reached the landing place,
His wrath was turned to swearing.

For, by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discover,
One lovely hand held all his cash,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back," he cried in woe,
Across the stormy water;
"But leave the purse, and you may go,
My daughter, O, my daughter!"

'Twas in vain; they reached the other shore,
(Such doom the Fates assign us.)
The good he'd piled, went with his child,
And he was left there, minus.

KATE'S VALENTINE.

Kate, my sprightly niece, like most young ladies of her age, has her own opinion on matters and things currently transpiring. She thinks independently, and generally speaks what she thinks. Of course, her knowledge of human nature is not very deep; nor is she as wise in all her conclusions as she is led to imagine. I do not say this disparagingly, for Kate has quite as good sense as nine in ten who have only numbered her years, which are about twenty-one.

On one subject, Kate had, for a year or two, been particularly decided in her expressions.—The Valentine epidemic, which has raged so violently, she considered a social disease emphatically. It was no healthy manifestation of right feelings, in her estimation.

At last St. Valentine's day approached, and the store windows and counters began to be filled with emblematic love missives of all kinds from the most costly, delicate, and refined, down to the cheapest, coarsest, and most vulgar, Kate exhibited more and more strongly her antipathy to the custom about to be honored.

"If any one were to send me a valentine," said she, "I would take it as a direct insult to my common sense."

"Oh, as for that," I replied, sportively, "lovers are not so silly as to address the common sense of those whose favor they desire to win."

"Whoever wins me," was her prompt reply, "must appeal to that. At no other point will I be accessible."

"We shall see."
"And we will see."

"I'll wager a new hat against a spring bonnet," said I, "that you receive a Valentine this year from a certain young man named ——. Never mind; don't blush so; I won't name him."

"I would discard any one who insulted me with a Valentine," replied Kate, indignantly.

"Don't say that, for fear you will have cause to repent the indiscretion."

"Yes, I do say it. No man of good sense would stoop to such trifling."

"I don't know, Kate. A little trifling, now and then, is relished by the best of men."

"That's rhyme, which does not always go hand in hand with reason."

"You'll grow wiser, Kate, as you grow older."

"If that is the kind of wisdom age brings, I'm sure I don't want it."

I answered with a laugh, for to be grave on such a theme was not in me. As the fourteenth approached, Kate frequently repeated her expression of disgust at the silly custom of sending Valentines that had become so popular, and declared, over and over again, that such a liberty with her, would be taken as a direct insult, and resented accordingly.

Among the visiting acquaintances of Kate, was a young man named Loring, for whom, I could

see, she had kinder feelings than for any other male friend; but, either in consequence of a natural reserve of character, or because he was in doubt as to Kate's regard for himself, he never seemed perfectly at ease in her company. I had him in my mind when I suggested the reception of a Valentine from a certain young man, and Kate understood me perfectly.

Well, Valentine day came round. At dinner time, I came home as usual, and almost the first word my wife said to me—

"What do you think? Kate's received a Valentine."

"Indeed!"

"It's true. It came by the Dispatch Post. I received it at the door, and sent it up to her room."

"Have you seen her since?"

"No."

"Of course, she's particularly indignant."

"I don't know any thing about that. It was a handsome one I infer, from the size and envelop; and had in it something hard, which I took for jewelry—a breastpin or a bracelet."

"Where do you think it came from?" said I.

"I've guessed young Loring," answered my wife.

"If he has sent it he has committed a great mistake," I replied.

"How so?"

"You know Kate's antipathy to Valentines."

"Young ladies often talk a great deal without really knowing what they say; and Kate is not altogether free from the fault," said my wife.

"I readily enough assented to this. When the bell rung for dinner, Kate came down from her room. Her face was rather more sober than usual, and she did not join in the conversation with her accustomed animation. She was the first to retire from the table.

"I don't think she is mortally offended," said I to my wife.

"No not if I am skilled in mental indications," was replied.

During the afternoon, two or three more love missives came; but not a word touching their reception, or the feeling produced thereby, was breathed by Kate. It was plain, however, to one with even half an eye, that she was pleased at the mark of attention or, it might be, a token of love, Evening, instead of being passed as usual with the family, was spent by Kate in her room.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, I mentioned the fact that a certain number of Valentines had passed through the post office on the day before. This was in order to introduce the subject, and call out some remark from Kate; but she remained silent on the subject, though not without indicating, by her heightened color and restless eye, that her thoughts were busy enough.

"I rather think our young lady has changed her opinions," said I, smiling, after Kate had left the table.

"Circumstances alter cases, you know," replied my wife, smiling in turn.

On the next evening, young Loring called in, Kate was longer than usual in making her appearance, and when she came into the parlor, was dressed with ordinary care. For the first time, I noticed on her wrist a new and beautiful bracelet.

She blushed, slightly, as she met Loring; seemed a little embarrassed, but was soon conversing with him in an animated style.

"Did you see that new bracelet?" asked my wife, when were next alone.

"I did."

"Where did it come from?"

"Didn't you say that in one of the Valentines she received, there was something hard, like a piece of jewelry?"

"That is the bracelet, probably."

"No doubt of it."

"And moreover," said I, "it is plain that she believes the Valentine came from Loring; for, at her first meeting with him, she wears it for the first time."

"Thus," remarked my wife, "notifying him that she receives the token kindly."

I laughed aloud, for I could not help it.

"Why do you laugh?" asked my wife.

"She was going to discard any one who insulted her with a Valentine!"

"That was idle talk. I've heard such things before."

Two or three evenings went by, and Loring came again. Since his former visit, the new bracelet had not been seen. Now it was worn again. As we knew the young man well, and liked him the better the more intimately we knew him, we saw no impropriety in leaving the young couple alone in the parlor.

From that time, there was a marked change in my niece. She was less sprightly and more absent minded than usual. Next, her appetite failed her, and she began to grow thin and loose her color—sure signs of a heart disease. Meanwhile, Loring was a constant visitor; and whenever he came, the bracelet was displayed, evidently in token that she knew from whence it came, and wished its full acceptance to be understood.

At last, I received a formal visit from the young man, and a formal offer for the hand of Kate. Of course, I had no objections to urge. The matter was, in my mind, already fully settled.

After that, the bracelet aforementioned was always to be seen on the arm of Kate. One evening, it was about a month before her wedding-day, as I sat talking with Kate, for whom my affection had always been as tender as that of a father for his child, I took her hand, and said, as I examined the bracelet—

"That is very beautiful."

"Yes, I have always admired it very much," she replied, the color growing warmer in her cheeks.

"A love-token, I presume?"

And as I said this, I looked at her archly. The hue of her cheek became still deeper.

"A valentine?" I added.

"The blood mounted to her temples."

"But it was not an ordinary Valentine. It did not come from a trifler, and was not received

as an insult. I thought you were not the girl, Kate; to reject a sincere offer."

Kate blushed still more deeply.
"This little love-token, dear Kate is for thee: Accept it, and keep it, and wear it for me."

As I repeated this couplet, the young girl started with surprise, and looked with inquiring earnestness in my face.

"But I'm afraid, Kate," said I, with a meaning smile, and a voice half regretful in its tone, "that you wore it less for the real than for the imaginary giver."

She did not reply, but looked at me the more earnestly, while a subdued light appeared to break upon her mind.

"Dear Uncle," said she, at length, bending towards me, "had you seen this bracelet before you saw it on my arm?"

"Yes, love," was my tenderly spoken reply; and I pressed her pure forehead with my lips as I spoke.

"And you sent it?"

She seemed half breathless as she waited my reply.

"Yes, dear."

She covered her face suddenly with her hands and sat motionless for some moments. In a little while, I saw a tear come stealing through her fingers. My feelings were touched, for I feared lest I had done violence to her by this little confession of the truth. But, ere I had looked for composure of mind, she withdrew her hands from her face, on which an affectionate smile shone like a rainbow amid the parting drops of a summer shower, and said, as she arose—

"Henceforth, I will wear it for the real giver."

Bending to kiss me, she left a tear on my cheek and then glided from the room.

On her wedding night, Kate wore her Valentine bracelet; and I am weak enough to believe—if the sentiment may be called a weakness—that she prizes it even more highly than if Loring himself had been the giver.

Mount Blanc.

The following animated description of an ascent of the Alps, by an English traveller, is one of the best we have seen. This sketch is written from the village of Chamounix, from which spot the traveller set out in his perilous ascent:

My first and only Alpine excursion was to the *Mar de Glace*, one of the great, indeed the greatest, glaciers of the Alps. This glacier is not a broad, smooth, glistening mass of ice, as I had supposed; it is a river of ice! ten or twelve miles long, a mile wide, and from two hundred to two thousand feet in thickness. It fills, or rather chokes up a great gorge which lies between snow-capped mountains, and moves down one foot every day, descending at an angle of thirty degrees. As the mass melts at the lower end, where the droppings form a swift river, the ice from above presses its way down; the motion cracks it transversely, and opens ten thousand chasms, each of which is a blue, bottomless abyss. Its surface looks like mountain blocks of marble split from the quarry, and standing on edge irregularly together. Bowlders of granite, weighing five hundred tons, lie lightly on the glaciers, like pebbles on an ice-pond, and are borne down by the valley. Imagine a mountain with a motion of one foot per day! Really the speed seems as great as that of the floods of Niagara.

After looking at this terrible momentum, the wonder comes how it could be staid; whether it be not easier to say, even to the ocean, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." Walking up upon it you see death within a step, and feel yourself an atom. One visit is enough.

The sides of these high mountains are always shedding snow, ice and rocks, which altogether form a glacier. There are many of them among the Alps. From these meltings of the Arve, the Arveron, and other streams, take their rise.

There is a class of men, or rather a race, who make it the business of life to understand the Alps, and to guide parties passing from one point to another. Without their coolness and experience to aid, travellers could do nothing in the way of exploring, or even visiting these savage solitudes. They are a sober virtuous class, and win upon every one by their very noble qualities.—From all that I hear, I doubt not they would die if necessary to the safety of those who put themselves under their guidance. These guides are ready even to ascend Mt. Blanc. Jacques Balmat, one of the most daring and experienced, was the man who first made the ascent when he was seventy years old.

He started forth alone to explore some ice gorge far in among its almost inaccessible and unapproachable peaks. The old man was never heard of more. Whenever you read of any one's making the ascent of Mt. Blanc, you may set it down that the guides ascended it for him; that is, guides have been employed, they have gone before and behind him, told him where to put his pike, or place his foot, tried for him every loose dangerous stepping place, cut out steps for him on the very steep of the summit, and even carried him along, and lifted him up, and may be brought him down, and thus secured to him *et cetera* and glory of having performed the hardy, perilous feat of ascending Mt. Blanc. All the guides get are their not being mentioned, and the stipulated sum. As twenty of them are usually employed, it costs about \$500 to ascend the king of the Alps. All the travellers are waiting to see his hoary crown, for he seldom reveals his moving head. The clouds rise and seem to be moving right off, and ready to lift their mystery curtain, but when they are almost gone they let themselves down again, as if to screen him at his bidding. As we all watched anxiously their sublime hesitation, I understood what David has said of God, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him."

The sweetest flowers are those which shed their odors in quiet nooks and dingles; and the purest hearts are those whose deeds of love are done in solitude and secret.

Barn Yards.

There is one consideration which every farmer who keeps stock, and who aims at the continual improvement of his lands by the application of manures of domestic manufacture, should by no means overlook; and that is, in order to have good manure, he must in the first place provide a proper and suitable yard. The many inconveniences which were formerly thought to be inseparable from yards so constructed and situated as to retain the liquids, were doubtless strongly operative in suggesting the practice of locating them so as to admit of its readily running off; an oversight, by the way, for which no circumstances of abstract convenience can adequately atone. In Germany, Holland and Scotland, the yards are almost uniformly so constructed as to retain all the liquid substances among the manure.

A concave surface, having a central depression of some two or three feet, according to the area or superficial extent of the enclosure, is selected, and the inequalities having been first carefully leveled, the entire surface is covered with clay, finely pulverized, and tempered to the consistency of mortar, so as to be evenly spread. In this mass are then placed small stones, of a uniform size, and in such a way that the entire work constitutes a sort of pavement, similar, in many respects, to the pavement of our streets, and through which none of the liquid particles of the manure can possibly escape to the soil below, while the convexity of the general surface, operates also as an equally efficient protection against the wastage of the saline and other salts against the washings of the rains. These yards are frequently surrounded by sheds, or temporary out-buildings, to which the inmates are permitted to retire in cold, or damp weather. The introduction of such improvements here, would constitute the dawn of a new and most important era, and would doubtless soon be of incalculable interest to our agriculture. Here in America where we have a sufficiency of material ready provided to our wants, and where every farmer has both time and ingenuity for the undertaking, the construction of yards upon this excellent system, would necessarily involve but slight expense. We have known some farmers who have endeavored to prevent the wastage of their liquid manure by putting down an artificial bottom of clay. This is usually accomplished by spreading over the bottom a thin stratum, and giving it the requisite degree of compactness by pounding or rolling. The bottom is never removed, and by making occasional additions, it may be rendered a very economical and efficient agent in saving a most valuable article of manure. When the rich liquids of a manure yard are suffered to filtrate, and thus pass into the depths of the earth, the value of the article that remains is greatly diminished without any gain. But where it is retained, and absorbed by some substance, it becomes a most valuable accessory, and by some writers on agriculture, is considered equal to the solid portions of the manure. That it is very rich in fertilizing particles is indeed obvious from the astonishing effects it produces on vegetation—especially on vines, small plants, &c., when used in irrigation, and upon grass lands.

Ben Hardin's Wife.—Romance is sometimes embodied in a fact six inches long. Old Ben Hardin, of Kentucky, got a wife by a rich and funny stratagem.

In the days of his young manhood, he was a work hand on the farm of a wealthy landholder, in that State, and there sprung up between the young laborer and the old man's daughter what is often called a secret attachment. By the bye, attachments are generally secret. Ben and his dulcinea made up matters in proper time, without the knowledge or consent of his intended father-in-law. Indeed, the old man had never suspected that the aspirations of the youth were tending towards an alliance with his family—and if it had ever occurred to him he would have spurned the thought. Ben was aware of his aristocratic notions, and of the existence of almost insurmountable objections to the match. So one day consulting the ingenuity of his nature, he devised ways and means to bring it about.

Going to the old man, he told him that unfortunately he had conceived a liking for the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood—that it was impossible to gain the consent of the girl's father—that he loved her and she loved him—and asked what course he would advise him to pursue.

"Won't she run away with you?" said the old man.

"She might," answered Ben, "if I could make the arrangements. Do you think it would be honorable for me to take advantage in that way?"

"Certainly," replied the originator of the plot, "there would be nothing wrong."

Ben kept at him, and so enlisted the old gentleman that he made him a tender of his horse and buggy, and a few dimes to carry out the elopement. The place of meeting was arranged, and—reader, you know what followed. Ben ran off with the old man's daughter, a fact which the old man snuffed in the next morning's breeze, and one which chagrined him not a little. Winding up as novels do—Ben and his wife were forgiven.

ANCIENT HISTORY.—Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," concludes the second division of the Hungarian nation, with the following words:

"The son of Goisa was invested with the regal title, and the house of Arpad reigned for three hundred years in the kingdom of Hungary. But the free born barbarians were not dazzled by the lustre of the diadem, and the people asserted their indefeasible right of choosing, deposing, and punishing the hereditary servant of the state."

Good temper is the sunny day, it sheds a brightness over every thing. It is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.